THE PEOPLE OF LABRADOR.

Their Homes and Occupations—Precarious Living Gained by Fishing and Sealing—Hard and Dangerous Mode of Life With But Few Enjoyments.

If environment moulds a people, then the Labradoreans should have strong traits. The climate, the unique features of the country, the undisputed supremacy of the sea, the isolation from the world—all their circumstances, indeed—are so strongly marked as to be irresistible. The population of the Canadian part of the coast—down to the boundary line at Blanc Sablon—is of French origin, Canadian and Acadian; the Newfoundland part of Labrador—the Strait of Belle Isle and the Atlantic coast—is inhabited by English-speaking people. Moravians and Exquimaux are found in the far North. The French Canadians consist of two classes; a part of them come here every spring to fish for the merchants, and return every fall to their families and small homesteads between Quebec and Gaspe; others live here permanently, own little isolated establishments, and fish on their own account. The Acadians have collected in two principal settlements, Esquimaux Point and Natashquan, where they have their schools, priests, churches, and some other features of village life.

I was fortunate in being storm-stayed at a few of these French Canadian homes, where I found now and then a person able to give me some account of the summer and winter life of the people. To begin with external and material things, the average home of Labrador generally consists of a rough board dwelling, with two rooms and a garret, a small dock and store-house for receiving, cleaning, curing, and storing fish, and two or three open fishing boats. All these building perch like anxious water-fowls on the bare rocks; they never impress me as homes, for they make for themselves no niche or place in the surface of the earth; you expect them to be washed or blown away at the next gale—as they sometimes are. For the sake of being near the fishing grounds these shelters are generally established on some outlying island offering a mooring or else a beach for the boats; they seem to be banished from the earth as far as possible seaward. They stand up gaunt, stark naked in the gales, in the midst of a desert of sea and rocks.

In the best places there may be in a hollow a little sand, enriched with decaying fish, where a few turnips and cabbages manage to show themselves during a brief season. You get a gleam of hope and horror an beholding a gaunt scaffold about 18 feet high; but it is not a gallows for the ending of life, only a platform for keeping the frozen fish for dogmeat. The interior of these homes is not quite so distressing as these hard surroundings, for the human hand in-doors can make its mark, which is not always a clean one. The furniture, diet, costumes, are rough and common-place; but the people are courteous and kind, and they observe well their religious rites. Their isolation is such that they keep the run of time by marking the days of the week on the door-post. An exception to this dreariness is to be met here and there, at a light-house, or at the home of a merchant. I asked an intelligent fisherman how he could content himself in such a place.

"Well, sir, I expect we're fools to stay here. The worst of it is, our children are growing up as ignorant as we are—just like the dogs. Hardly any of us can read or write. Our houses are too far apart to get the children together for school, excepting at Esquimaux Point, Natashquan, and Mutton Bay. Then, too, we can't see the priest more than once or twice a year, and that's very inconvenient about dying, for pleurisy and consumption are very headstrong. And there's no doctor at all, nor any roots or herbs or medicines. We keep alive on pain-killer and salts that the traders sell. It's a hard life, and we don't live to be very old. We have to do all our own work—jack of all trades, you know. When we came here to live, my wife and I cut all the timber in the winter for building these houses, sawed it by hand in a pit, and in the spring rafted it down the river."

Sealing, one of the peculiar industries of Esquimaux Point and Natashquan, is the most venturesome occupation of the Labrador coast. Seals are taken in three ways—by hunting them along the bays and shores in boats or on the ice, by netting them as fish are taken, and by following them out to sea in vessels and killing them on the floes. I sometimes met a boat sailing about the islands and bays with two men aboard eagerly watching the water and the rocks for the harbor seals. Dressed in coats and skull-caps made of seal-skin, they often creep along the rocks with the motion of the seal, and decoy the animal by calling. Some of them have a trained dog.

"What is he good for in such work?" I inquired. "He can hardly be a retriever for an animal weighing hundreds of pounds."

"Yes, he is, sir; if seals are fat when killed, they float, but even if they are very poor it takes but little to float them. And the dog jumps off and catches them often before they sink, or he'll dive for them in shallow water. When they sink in deep water we often 'jig' them—haul them up with a fish-hook and line. Some seals dive when wounded, and swim off to sea; others turn to the shore and crawl up on a rock to die."

In the spring of the year they hunt seals on the ice when it drifts against the shores. Cape Bauld, Newfoundland, is a noted point for this kind of sealing. The floes coming from the northern seas strike on this cape and divide into two parts; one enters the Strait of Belle Isle, and the other goes southward along the coast of Newfoundland.

The people told me that hundreds of hunters come there in March with dog-sleds from the settlements about Hare Bay, etc. Each gang of men brings a skiff, provisions, etc., and many camp in little huts, and remain till the 8th or 10th of May. They keep a constant watch over the drifting fields of ice. When seals are discovered on a floe touching the shore or near it, the men put off to it in their skiff, haul the boat upon the ice and then go about clubbing the seals. They soon return to the shore with blubber and hides, which they bury under snow for keeping until a trading schooner calls. Sometimes the wind or the current suddenly loosens the ice and carries it out to sea and the sport is then quite perilous. The netting of seals is not unlike the taking of fish in nets. A strong net may be moored off a favorable point or in a channel, or several nets are combined and moored to form a kind of pound. At La Tabatiere Cape Mecatina, a noted resort of seals, the combination of net measures about seven hundred fathoms. When seals are abundant, several hundreds and even thousands were taken there in a season. In a favorable cove a net may be sunk on the bottom until the seals enter; then it is raised with a windlass to close the entrance, and the men in the boats row about the bay and drive the seals into the meshes.

The ocean sealing is the most costly and productive method. Powerful steamers, built expressly for this work, and manned by 200 to 300 men, are sent out every year from St. John's, Newfoundland, and Dundee, Scotland. The sealing fleet of Esquimaux Point and Natashquan numbers about forty small schooners. In 1881 they took 30,000 seals, but in 1882 only 3,000. The strength of these vessels is remarkable. The one I saw building at Esquimaux Point had timbers 12 inches square laid in solid, and bolted one to the other, and the bow was a mass of beams and braces. The oil is tried out in furnaces along the beach; the hides are sent to London for tanning.

The social season of Labrador is the winter. There is no fishing then to keep people at home; cutting wood and a little hunting are the only occupations. Winter lasts about eight months; when the channels among the islands and the bays are frozen over, dog teams can run up and down the coast for 300 miles—from Mingan to Bonne Esperance. People then go visiting; they carry no provisions, for everybody keeps open house, and the little cabins are often packed with people and dogs. The winter homes, as a rule, are back some miles from the coast, where wood is handy. Several families who fish at Whale Head live on a swamp in winter, where the tread of a man along the street shakes every house. The Abbe Ferland says that in his time—about fifty years ago—the hospitality of the coast was such that the people on going away from home used to leave food, and sometimes even money, on the table, and the doors unlocked, that needy travelers might enter and help themselves. But the advent of more travelers in these days has led to more caution, and less generosity.

It is not surprising to find all sea men superstitious; the irresistible and whimsical forces of the ocean must appear to them supernatural, and their changing fortunes must often seem the result of some unfathomable mystery. Could events so supernatural as those told by the Ancient Mariner be so appropriate to a landsman. These fishermen are not behind other sea-faring men in either the number of their superstitions or the faith they repose in them. But Labrador, in time, will doubtless produce more astonishing results in this regard; for what other region on earth offers such elemental powers, such weird scenes, such impressive hardships and horrors? Here is a region without a mile of road in 3,000 miles of coast; I never elsewhere appreciated a wheel and a horseshoe. Some of these people have no idea of the shape and size of a cow or a horse, and they flee like hares at the coming of a stranger. I have stated elsewhere that lawlessness often prevails, and that those who are in need do not hesitate to break open stores and help themselves. But their most astonishing traits are laziness and improvidence here in sight of heart-rending hardship and want. Labrador, however, was formerly a sea of plenty; fishing, sealing, trapping, gave even the indolent a sure, though a miserable living. In a few weeks the average man could catch fish enough to exchange with traders for the necessaries of life. This enabled him to idle away three-fourths of the year, and relieved him of any sense of responsibility. But now fish, oil and fur are no longer so abundant. The average family spends about $100 per year to get only the absolute necessities of life; and yet the government is obliged very often to distribute flour and pork to prevent actual starvation; and it offers free passage and work to those who will leave the coast. The lazy depend upon the industrious, the provisions are shared, and if navigation is tardy, the first sail is watched for in the spring with eagerness.—C. H. Farnham, in Harper's Magazine for October.

Ben Wade's Strong Prayer.

A story told me by Senator Henderson about the late "Ben" Wade, of Ohio, sounds characteristically true to the popular portraiture of that sturdy old abolitionists. Chief Justice Taney was in feeble health about the close of Buchanan's administration. It was feared in Washington by the abolitionists that he might die before Lincoln was inaugurated and give Buchanan the appointment of his successor. In fact, he lived along until near the close of Lincoln's first term. At his death Lincoln, it will be remembered, appointed Salmon P. Chase, who had just been nominated for president by a convention at Cleveland, and was thus a rival. Some time in 1863 Henderson was sitting beside Wade at the capitol when Chief Justice Taney walked by. Wade spoke up with much vigor: "Just look at that old sinner—how erect and firm he walks. Why, along in 1859 and '60 I was praying night and day that he might live over into Lincoln's term. Say, Henderson, it strikes me I must have prayed too strong, eh?"—New York Tribune.

The Latest Dances.

From the New York Sun.

"What do you call it?" we asked, trying to make a diagram of the sinuous movements.

"That," said the professor proudly, "is the new Highland schottische, which is to be the society dance of the season this year. It is imported from England and Scotland, and will be introduced in first-class academies as soon as the dancing classes open. Technically it is a combination of the Highland fling and the gallop, and it has raised a furor among the Scotch lads and lassies, and has also found exceptional favor among the fashionables of London and Liverpool. It's a thing that no description can do justice to. It must be seen to be fully comprehended."

The fifteen other professors unanimously resolved to teach the Highland Schottische when they went back to their classes in Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Chicago, Binghampton, Poughkeepsie, Providence, Norwich, Springfield, Lowell, Bangor, San Francisco and Louisville.

"It is something," Prof. Ashley, of Chicago, said, "that will fill the Chicago girls with delight. Their aptitude for dancing will enable them to master it with ease and dance with dazzling brilliancy of style."

When Prof. Brooks sat down in a crimson cushioned seat, Prof. Uris, of Brooklyn, got up and showed how the "Lawn Tennis" ought to be managed. The Lawn Tennis is a fairy thing from Newport that is regarded as a gem of graceful conception in the way of square dances. It is described as a combination of the quadrille and lancers, and dancing masters predict popularity for it.

Prof. Spink, of Providence, propelled his patent leather ties through a new and impressive waltz divertisement as he lightly whirled four professors who were the improvised ladies in a quadrille set.

"This new glide waltz interlude," he said, as he whirled the last professor in the set, "is the distinguishing feature of the new waltz quadrille, called the Glide Polacca."

After this the professors, one after another, mimicked the various wild exaggerations of the waltz and polka that they proposed to eliminate from the art. Among the offensive attitudes that are to be banished from all well-regulated ballrooms are the holding of the arms akimbo, the dip motion in the side-step waltz, and the carriage of the body bolt upright, as if the dancers were a lot of figures being twirled around on an old-fashioned hand-organ.

At length the professors all sat down together and talked over what they would do next season to lend variety and interest to the art for the especial benefit of the children. It was agreed to revive the "Varsovienne" round dance, and teach the little ones the "Skating Waltz" and the Danish polka also. Prof. Brooks arose, and, tripping through a waltz step, stopped and rested an instant with one toe thrust forward gracefully. Then he introduced the regular mazourka step. The effect was very pleasing. It was the movement of the "Varsovienne," and the professor took another twirl on the polished floor and changed it to the "Skating Waltz." Four gliding steps are introduced in this before the regular waltz step is executed, and the variation produces a stately minuet motion that enhances the picturesque effect of the dance for the spectator, and renders it less tiring for the dancer than the regular waltz. The forward gilde is executed as though the dancer was shod with skates, and this movement is found to greatly delight the little lads and lasses when they dance. The polka step this year will be a redowa glide movement that does away with the hopping motion of the old-fashioned polka. It will be danced by children.

Adult dancers nowadays prefer the waltz. Prof. Brooks was the first man in America who ever danced the polka. That was in 1840, when he danced with a Miss Anna Gannon, of the National theater. The dance had been invented ten years before by a Bohemian peasant girl named Anna Siezak, and it set the dancers of Europe wild for a long time, till the Parisians afforded them a new thing in the waltz.

How Boston Has Changed.

Boston Letter to New York Times.

I am not sure whether it is that the city has hitherto undergone moral renaissance or whether my previous visits have been ill-timed, but I am positive of one thing, that Concord philosophy is at present away below par; that the position of her base ball nine in the championship tourney gives Boston more concern than the international copyright law, and that she would hear that the Atlantic Magazine has been merged with the Police Gazette with far greater equanimity than that the Great Master Sullivan had been knocked out in the prize ring.

In the business part of the city, where I once heard a policeman inform a person who took issue with him upon a point of fact that he did not handle the truth with sufficient carefulness to meet the demands of veracity, I have overheard no dicussion upon the superiority of mind over matter or upon the whatness of the wherefore, but all the talk is of the respective merits of the Genesta and the Puritan and the superiority of the cutter over the sloop and vice versa. I happened to be taking luncheon in the Parker House cafe, when the news that the rival yachts had come into collision in New York harbor, was received, and every man in the place arose wildly from his table and clamorned for a newspaper. The famous Public Library opposite the Common is all but empty during the day, but crowds are always gathered before the newspaper bulletins reading enthusiastically that a boat has just put out to the Genesta or that the Puritan is reefing a sail; and the excitement over the base ball scores is so intense that it is doubtful whether some minds will be able to bear the strain until the season closes.

Ruined by Watermelons.

"This year has taught me a sad experience in the watermelon business," he remarked as the boat left Memphis.

"Have you been shipping?" asked the tourist from Ohio.

"Not a ship. I live over thar on the Arkansaw bottoms. I heard so much about the watermelon bizness—the profit which could be made—that I planted a hull side hill last spring. It was a bad move."

"Didn't the seed come up?"

"Come right up as if somebody had a rope and tackle on 'em."

"And the melons grew?"

"Growd like a mud hole in wet weather. That was the trouble—they growd too large."

"Couldn't be handled?"

"Not without the help of two niggers and a yoke o' steers, and that was too expensive. When you git an eight hundred pound watermelon on a side hill you've got to leave it thar. The steamboats won't handle 'em if you git 'em down to the landing."

"You don't tell me that you had melons weighing 800 pounds?"

"Oh! those were the little ones. The big ones cum nigher a ton. I hadn't no scales, but all my neighbors are mighty peart on guessing."

"And what became of them?"

"That's what occasions my grief, stranger. Them melons threatened to roll down and do me damage. I drew logs to prop 'em up, and I started for town to git some dynamite to blow some of the biggest to pieces. While I was gone the calamity took place. You see before you a ruined man."

"Wh—what calamity?" gasped the tourist.

"Why, them 'ere melons broke loose and rushed down hill in a body. House, barn, corn-cribs, and orchard were clean swept away."

"You don't say!"

"I'm serious, stranger—very serious. I might have recovered from that, perhaps; but one o' them melons rolled into the creek, dammed up the water, and the inundashun carried the sile off my farm clean down to the rocks. There wasn't 'nuff dirt left on 120 acres to put in your eye."

"Well, that is tough, and I pity you."

"Don't, stranger—don't talk to me that way! I kin face hurricanes, cyclones, airthquakes and sich as brave as a lion; but when anybody pities me—when soft words of sympathy are shot into my soul by a total stranger—it breaks me down, and I have to shed the childish tear. Stranger, excuse me while I cry real hard."

The Ohio man considerately withdrew from that sacred spot, and the watermelon man wrestled with a broken heart.

The Great Earthquake at Scio.

"A Study of Recent Earthquakes," M. A. Daubree, in Pop. Science Monthly.

Among the more recent earthquakes was one that destroyed most of the island of Scio. On the 3d of April, 1881, about an hour and forty minutes after noon, the city of Scio and thirty or forty villages in the southern part of the island were disturbed with a violent trepidation. The shaken and cracked houses were still standing when a few minutes afterward, a second shock equally as violent, came on, and finished the work of the first. With it 5,000 persons were buried under the rubbish. A little while afterward 4,000 other persons were killed. Hardly had the people recovered from the terror of one shock than others came on, causing general panic and stupor. Hardly a quarter of an hour would pass without a new shock, and the wounded who had succeeded in extricating themselves from the rubbish were buried in it again. "Death," said an eye witness, "seemed to pursue its victims with fury. In less than an hour Scio was an utter ruin." The agitations of the ground continued, with only short interruptions, for a year. During 1879 and 1880 Scio had suffered from frequent tremors, sometimes repeated as many as ten times in a day. Mitylene and Smyrna were also similarly affected, but none of the shocks were strong enough to cause great anxiety. They were, as it were, the subterranean preparation for the catastrophe that was about to burst out a few months afterward.

Gen. Sheridan and Mackey.

John Mackey has gone to Washington to lobby through a claim of $250,000 which, he holds, the government owes the bank of Nevada on account of moneys advanced to land speculators and surveyors and sharks. It is not exactly known where Gen. Sheridan is now, but it is hoped he is not in Washington. If Sheridan should ever meet Mackey at close taw, there is no knowing what the result might be. Sheridan is short, Mackey is tall, but one is a fighter and the other isn't. Mackey once got Sheridan to make an investment of over $12,000 in the Sierra Grande mine at New Mexico. This was the famous George Roberts steal, and most of those who got jammed never whimpered. Sheridan would not, perhaps, have squealed had he not heard that Mackey claimed to have nothing whatever to do with the thing; that he had no money in it, and was merely backing George Roberts, an old boaster, in the latter's scheme. When Little Phil got on to the scheme he never squeaked, but layed for John Mackey. He made a journey from Chicago to New York expressly. He saw the husband of Mrs. Mackey and the "Arc de Triomphe," and the man with the pick under ground gave way to the man on the black horse. History will, perhaps, never contain the record of that interview, but the story is that the cavalryman raided the miner and got at his sluice boxes. He got his $12,000 back.—Chicago Herald

THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN KILLED.

Members of Rival Churches Settle a Dispute With Firearms—A Fair Sample of Texan Piety.

A special to a Chicago morning paper from Jacksboro, Texas, reports a most atrocious affair near that place, resulting in the killing of seven men and the wounding of several others. There has been a bitter feud existing between James Wilson, proprietor of one of the most extensive cattle ranches in the state, and Fred Rhodes, the owner of a large sheep ranch. The two men lived about five miles apart, and were formerly on the most friendly of terms, having emigrated to the state from the same town in Tennessee. Both were members of the same church, and were desirous of having a church building erected near their ranches. They agreed to build one between them, but a dispute arose as to where the edifice should be located. The men finally quarreled, and the result was that two churches were built, about two miles apart. As the country is very sparsely settled, there were only a few people to attend the services, but the pride of both men was aroused, and to make a good showing on Sundays they forced their herders and cowboys to attend church. Rev. A. R. Johns, a circuit rider, was engaged to preach at both churches, holding services at Wilson's on the third sunday in each month, and at Rhodes' on the fourth Sunday. Considerable religious interest had been developed recently, and the minister was invited by Mr. Wilson to hold a series of prayer-meetings in his church during the week. The invitation was accepted, and a meeting was held Monday night. Mr. Rhodes called on Rev. Johns Tuesday morning and asked him to preach in his church Tuesday night, but the minister replied that he had promised to lead the meeting for Mr. Wilson. Upon this refusal to preach Rhodes became very angry, and swore that he would break up Wilson's meetings. Tuesday night, while the people were gathered in Wilson's church, Rhodes rode up, followed by his herders and three or four neighbors. He demanded that Rev. Johns go with him at once. The minister refused, when Rhodes and his followers made a rush into the church. There were about twenty people present, and a fight ensued. Revolvers were freely used, and after a lively fussilade the intruders were driven out, but not until three of their number had been killed, including Rhodes. The Wilson party lost four men, two being killed outright and two dying shortly afterwards. One of the women received a bullet in her arm, and Rev. Mr. Johns was struck in the head by a ball, making a serious scalp wound. The Wilson party followed Rhodes' men to the sheep ranch and another fight ensued, but there were no more fatalities. Sheriff Herd, of Jacksboro, with a posse; has gone to the scene. The names of the herders and cowboys killed has not yet been learned.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Miscellaneous Matters of Interest at the National Capital.

Washington dispatch:—The secretary of the interior is dissatisfied with the meagreness of reports heretofore furnished by the government directors of the Pacific railroads and intends to make a change in this respect. The statutes authorize the secretary to prescribe the character and frequency of these reports, and an order will be made next month requiring the government directors to submit detailed reports of the directors' meetings, with such other information concerning the business of the companies as they may possess. For years past the duties of government directors have been confined to the preparation of an annual report setting forth the results of their inspection of the railroads and containing no references of importance to the proceedings of the full board of directors. As the information thus collected was, as a rule, about the same as that furnished by the commissioner of railroads, the government has never been enlightened upon this subject to any extent. After the issue of the order mentioned it is believed that the department of the interior will be fully advised as to the exact character of the financial operations of the roads.

All sorts of rumors are current in regard to the office of supervising architect of the treasury. It is believed a change is impending in this office but it is not regarded as likely that it will occur until after Mr. Bell, the present incumbent, has submitted his annual report, which will not be for a month yet. The most prominent candidates are Mr. Seligman, of New York city; Mr. F. W. Whitehouse, of Chicago, and Mr. McGroth, of St. Louis, all of whom are strongly urged for the place. It is said at the white house that there is no truth in the report that the place has been offered to one of the above named gentlemen.

Since the announcement of the decision of Secretary Lamar in regard to the admission to practice before the departments of ex-employes, many inquiries have been made as to the nature of the claims that cannot be prosecuted by such attorneys. To settle the question the secretary has issued the following order: By virtue of the authority conferred upon the secretary of the interior by the act of July 4, 1884, it is hereby prescribed that no person who has been an officer, clerk or employe of this department within two years prior to his application to practice in any case pending therein shall be recognized or permitted to be recognized as an attorney or agent in such cases as shall have been pending in the department before or at the date he left the service; provided that this rule shall not apply to offices, clerks or employes of the patent office.

A Prize Walker Aged 96.

Columbia (S. C.) dispatch: Capt. Robert W. Andrews of Sumter, aged 96 years, whose pedestrian tour from his home to Boston last year made him famous, left this city yesterday on a tramp to New Orleans, whither he goes to "take in" the exposition. The captain is a rugged, hale, hearty, and well-preserved specimen of humanity, and is apparently as strong and vigorous as the majority of men are at 45 and 50. He is attired in a plain suit of dark gray, wears a weather-beaten and frayed white tile, and carries an umbrella twined with pink ribbons. On his back is strapped a small pack containing changes of underwear, etc. He is accompanied by his little dog, Fido, which made the trip with him to Boston. Capt. Andrew expects to arrive in the Crescent City in the latter part of November. After doing the exposition and resting for two or three weeks, he intends to go by rail to Texas to visit relatives.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.

LITTLE DENMARK DISTURBED.

Riotous Demonstrrtions Against King Christian.

Copenhagen dispatch: The long-continued arbitrary policy of King Christian in refusing to dismiss the Etruph cabinet, in compliance with the vote of parliament, and levying alleged unconstitutional taxes, because parliament refused to vote the budget, has led to a number of serious riots and imposing demonstrations in Copenhagen. People seem determined that the representatives in parliament shall have some voice in the affairs of the government, and have become so threatening that the garrison has been reinforced and the declaration of a state of siege is expected. The situation is very grave, and it is feared that a bloody revolution will break out involving terrible loss of life. It is reported that the king has ordered the garrison at Copenhagen to be largely reinforced. These popular demonstrations are not confined to Copenhagen, but are general throughout Denmark. It is expected that a state of siege will be declared, and it is feared that a revolution will ensue if the king persists in refusing the concession asked by parliament. A number of political arrests have been tending to further incense the people, and bloodshed is anticipated.

A Wonderful Cup.

Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, purchased, not long ago, for the enormous sum of 800,000 francs ($160,000) a silver-gilt cup by the celebrated Jammitzer, which is said to be a marvelous work of art. This sum, according to the *Chronique des Artes*, is, as far as it knows, the largest price ever paid in modern times for a single object of art. The work is the center piece of a table service. The foot is composed of a rock entirely covered with grasses and field flowers, on which desport themselves beetles, little lizards, locusts and snails. From this rises the figure of a woman, emblematizing the earth, and bending in eloquent pose as she supports on her head and her hands a tall chalice, decorated with grotesques and topped by a cover, which terminates in a vase in the form of a baluster, from which springs a bunch of leaves and flowers. The silver gilt of which the cup is made has ornaments in opaque and translucent enamels. The goldsmithery of the sixteenth century is said to offer nothing more finished in execution, and which, though open to criticism, possibly forms the standpoints both of taste and style, has its weaknesses counterbalanced by the wonderful perfection of all its details.

The story of Baron Rothschild's acquisition of the work is quite curious. It formed part of the estate of the late Nuremberg banker, Merkel, who died in 1873, and whose heirs, by common accord, agreed to loan it, together with Albert Durer's portrait of Holchucher, to the German Museum at Nuremberg, of which Jammitzer's *chef d'œuvre* became one of the greatest treasures. Indeed the public, during the years it was on exhibition, thought it belonged to the museum. It was so arranged that the work could not be taken away without joint consent of the heirs and a Ministerial authorization. Some months ago the celebrated art work disappeared from the galleries, to the great astonishment and consternation of the Nurembergers and the country in general. After a while it leaked out that a Frankfort dealer in art objects, the agent of Baron Rothschild, had appeared with the necessary papers from the family and the Director of the Museum had been obliged to deliver to him the cup. The whole affair was conducted with great secrecy, and it is certain that had it been known that the object was for sale the Directors of the Nuremberg Museum, as well as many others, would have competed with the present purchaser for its possession.

Modern Improvements.

When a brave voltigeur of the Imperial Guard wrote from the Crimea to his father in Alsace, asking him to send him a pair of strong shoes and a 5-franc piece, the father, bethinking himself of the telegraph's speed, put the money into one of the shoes and hung the shoes upon the wires. An ill-shod fellow coming along soon afterward made an exchange; and the old man upon discovering the substitution went home to tell his wife that their boy had not only received his new shoes but had returned the old ones!

Veal Hash.—Take a teacup of boiling water in a sauce-pan, stir in an even teaspoon flour wet in a table-spoon cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon black pepper, as much salt, and two table-spoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine, and mix with it half as much stale bread crumbs. Put it in a pan and pour the gravy on it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered toast.

THE MARKETS.

OMAHA.			
Wheat—No. 2	71	@	71¼
Barley—No. 2	55	@	65¾
Rye—No. 2	46	@	47
Corn—No. 2 mixed	28¼	@	28¼
Oats—No. 2	18	@	18¾
Butter—Fancy creamery	24	@	25
Butter—Choice dairy	12	@	13
Butter—Best country	12	@	15
Eggs—Fresh	17	@	18
Chickens—Per doz	2 00	@	2 50
Lemons—Choice	5 00	@	5 50
Bananas—Choice	2 75	@	3 50
Oranges—Mesina	3 00	@	4 50
Beans—Navys	1 25	@	1 50
Onions—Per bbl	4 00	@	4 75
Potatoes—Per bushel	30	@	35
Green Apples—Per bbl	2 25	@	3 00
Seeds—Timothy	2 30	@	2 40
Seeds—Blue Grass	1 75	@	2 00
Hay—Baled, per ton	6 50	@	7 00
Hay—In bulk	6 00	@	7 00
Hogs—Mixed packing	3 15	@	3 30
Beeeves—Butchers' stock	2 75	@	3 20
NEW YORK.			
Wheat—No. 2 red	98½	@	99
Wheat—Ungraded red	85	@	1 05½
Corn—No. 2	51	@	52¾
Oats—Mixed western	27½	@	32
Pork	9 50	@	10 00
Lard	6 30	@	6 35
CHICAGO.			
Flour—Choice Winter	4 50	@	5 25
Flour—Spring extra	3 50	@	4 25
Wheat—Per bushel	88	@	88½
Corn—Per bushel	43½	@	43¾
Oats—Per bushel	25	@	25½
Pork	8 37	@	8 50
Lard	5 95	@	6 00
Hogs—Packing and shipping	3 40	@	3 75
Cattle—Stockers	2 35	@	3 60
Sheep—Medium to good	2 75	@	3 25
ST. LOUIS.			
Wheat—No. 2 red	96¼	@	97
Corn—Per bushel	39¾	@	39½
Oats—Per bushel	24¾	@	25
Cattle—Stockers and feeders	2 50	@	3 75
Sheep—Western	2 00	@	3 50
KANSAS CITY.			
Wheat—Per bushel	76	@	77
Corn—Per bushel	31½	@	32
Oats—Per bushel	21	@	22¾
Cattle—Exports	5 25	@	5 50
Hogs—Assorted	3 45	@	3 55
Sheep—Common to good	1 50	@	3 00